CARMINA

AD

NOBILISSIMUM

THOMAM HOLLES

Ducem de NEWCASTLE

INSCRIPTA,

CUM

Acad Cantabrig Univ. of Camb.
K [Acad Addr.]

Academiam Cantabrigienſem

BIBLIOTHECÆ Reſtituendæ Cauſa

INVISERET

PRID. KALEND. MAIAS, MDCCLV.

CANTABRIGIÆ,
TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDIT J. BENTHAM.

MDCCLV.

f.1

LAPIDIS EPIGRAPHE.

CONSTANTIAE AETERNITATIQUE SACRUM.

LATVS HOC ORIENTALE BIBLIOTHECAE PVBLICAE
EGREGIA GEORGI I^MI
BRITANNIARVM REGIS
LIBERALITATE LOCVPLETATAE
VETVSTATE OBSOLETVM INSTAVRAVIT
GEORGI II^DI PRINCIPIS OPTIMI
MVNIFICENTIA
ACCEDENTE
NOBILISSIMORVM VIRORVM
THOMÆ HOLLES DVCIS DE NEWCASTLE
ACADEMIAE CANCELLARII
PHILIPPI COMITIS DE HARDWICKE ANGLIAE CANCELLARII
ACADEMIAE SVMMI SENESCHALLI
AC PLVRIMORVM PRAESVLVM, OPTIMATVM,
ALIORVMQVE ACADEMIAE FAVTORVM
PROPENSA IN REI LITERARIAE INCREMENTVM
SPLENDOREMQVE BENIGNITATE

LAPIDEM HVNC IMMOBILEM
OPERIS EXORDIVM
IPSIVS AVSPICIIS SVSCEPTI
AVTHORITATE, PATROCINIO, PROCVRATIONE
FELICITER, DEO PROPITIO, PERFICIENDI,
CIRCVMSTANTE FREQVENTISSIMA ACADEMICORVM CORONA,
PRID. KALEND. MAI. MDCCLV.
SVA MANV SOLENNITER POSVIT
ACADEMIAE CANCELLARIVS.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS GRATULATIONES & PLAUSUS.

I.

WHILE clouds impending threaten rain,
The Lark skims humbly o'er the plain:
But ſoon ſhe ſwells her dulcet Lay,
Warbling her wild extatic notes;
And circling high in æther floats,
Whene'er the Sun proclaims a cloudleſs Day.
So I, whoſe Muſe with caution ſpreads her wing,
And thro' the lowly vale ſecurely ſtrays;
Warm'd by the glorious Theme now riſe to ſing
At once the Monarch's and the Stateſman's praiſe.
O may they pleas'd the grateful gift receive!
'Tis all the tribute that my heart can give.

II.

Raiſe, Granta, raiſe thy raptur'd Eyes,
And ſee yon ſtately Fabrick riſe,
Which ſhall the wreck of Time withſtand;
Which ſhall to future ages prove
The greatneſs of thy Sov'reign's Love,
And tell the bounty of thy Patron's Hand.
Whilſt He to Learning dedicates this ſhrine,
See Science' ſelf her guardian Pinions ſpread,
And ſmiling with celeſtial ſoftneſs twine
An olive wreath around his honour'd Head.
Let this, the Goddeſs cried, let this repay
The gen'rous Labour of this glorious Day!

III.

Yet why this Day? ſince ev'ry Hour
Draws ſome new bleſſing from his ſtore.
Whate'er Munificence can give,
Whate'er a wide-extended Heart,
Or Zeal for Letters can impart,
Theſe favour'd Seats of Science ſhall receive.

'Tis He who nobly pleads fair Virtue's cauſe;
Who bids us ſtamp her Image on the Soul:
To Him we owe thoſe ſalutary Laws,
Whoſe wiſe reſtraints the Heat of youth controul;
Which ſtifle Luxury, nor let it ſhoot
Amid the faireſt Plants it's baleful root.

IV.

That Arts too might with equal ſpeed
With Virtue hand in hand proceed;
That Emulation's generous Fire
Might ev'ry youthful Fancy warm,
Communicate each ſecret Charm,
And ev'ry noble Sentiment inſpire;
He ſtretches out a Prize that well may vie
With all the crowns that Rome or Athens gave:
(Thoſe boaſted Honours of Antiquity)
To rouſe the learned, ſtimulate the brave,
Encourage and reward diſtinguiſh'd worth,
And call the latent ſparks of Genius forth.

V.

Then to compleat his Glory, and to crown
The grand Deſign and ſtamp it for his own,
Yon Pile aſcends, and conſecrates his name
For ever dear to Granta and to Fame.

Thomas Robinſon Fellow-Commoner of Chriſt College, Eldeſt Son of the Right Hon. Sir *Thomas Robinſon* K^t^ of the Bath, One of His Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State.

AT dedicatum, ſis fidei memor,
Saxum, ſeveræ quod Sapientiæ
Debes receſſum, quod perennem
Artibus, Hoſpitibuſque ſedem
Debes Camenis. Tu tibi creditam
Servare felici omine Principis
Famam memento: Tu, Pelhami
Perpetuo decori obligatum,

Poſthac

Poſthac remotis dic age ſæculis
Non indecora ſic poſitum manu
Te dignitatem polliceri,
Nec citharæ vacuam quietem
Cami futuram fontibus & choris,
Dum poſterorum grata fatebitur
Ætas, Geörgî poſt juventam
Militiis, animæque magnæ
Labore plenam, non ſine civium
Luctuque, fletuque, & timida prece
Per curſum honoratæ ſenectæ
Occiduos trepidâſſe Soles.
Nec tu querelis ſollicites tuis,
Pelhame, ventos, nec mare conſcium
Noſtro timori, dum Geörgî
Fata fide ratis impotenti
Suſpenſa turbant. Diis pietas tua
Virtuſque cordi eſt. En Pelagus tuo
Aſtro obſecundabit ſerenum:
Auſpicibus vigiles Camenis
Permitte curas; carminibus ſciunt
Pontum Camenæ ſternere; Cæſarem
Tutum redonabunt Camenæ
Diis patriis Britonumque votis.

Henricus Townſhend Aulæ de Clare Socio-Commenſalis,
Honorab. *Thomæ Townſhend* Filius.

UNDE tibi, Clio, dic unde exordia laudum
Arripies? quanam ante alias de parte ſonabis
Pelhami decus, et tantum accingêre laborem?
Principio, Dux clare, tibi (quà tota triumphans
Anglia te ſpectat defenſoremque patremque)
Impoſito ſummis rerum, famulæque regenti
Fræna poteſtatis, fragrantes Muſa coronas
Innectit, veris conſtipans florea dona.
Hinc, amnis veluti torto qui flumine labens
Dat ridere agris latè, agrorumque Magiſtris,

Diſ-

Disjunctaſque ſimul gentes et nutrit et ornat,
Undique diffundis felicia commoda vitæ
Angligenis, et amans ipſos et amatus ab ipſis.
His ſtudiis te Fama gravem ſanctumque futuris
Tranſmittet ſæclis: memores dumque Anglia faſtos
Servabit grata Heroum, pulcherrima longe
Splendebit, Pelhame, tuarum pagina laudum.
Ipſa tubam ſed Muſa rapit, cum viſere ſedes
Has ſibi dilectas dignaris; nec tua dona
Ipſa impune ſinet longæ ſuccumbere nocti.
Vivit adhuc Ptolemæus, adhuc tumuloque ſuperſtes
Auguſtus ſeros meritorum carpit honores.
Hos (dum adeo illuſtres animas indulſit amicum
Humano Numen generi) doctoſque tueri
Non puduit, meritoque et honore et laude beare;
Et ſe demum, arti templa ingenioque dicantes,
Donabant buſto centum potiore ſepulchris.
Et quæ ſæclorum fuga, Vandaliciſve tenebris
Barbaries rapida erumpens aboleverit unquam
Hæc tua doctrinæ monumenta illuſtria, Georgi,
Pelhamique tui? liceat prædicere Muſæ,
His orbique ipſi cladem dabit una ruina.
O utinam jam Vatum alicui, magnove Maroni,
Pindaricæve alæ, vel Flacco vita rediret,
Quorum carminibus dignas jam conditis ædes!
Tunc tua ſuaviſona reſonarent, Came, fluenta
Harmonia, Phœbo digna; venturaque ſcirent
Æva ſibi Grantam Reges habuiſſe faventes.

Joannes Cullum Aul. Cath. Alumnus,
Joannis Cullum Baronetti Filius natu maximus.

TALIS Cecropia felix Academia lauro
Doctrinæ ingenuos præbuit alma lares:
Talis arundiferi quondam prope flumina Nili
Edidit omnigenum turba canora melos.
Iſta quidem periere; abruptaque Saxa ſuperbis
Funeribus tantum nobilitata manent.

Flumen

Flumen adhuc tepidas Ægypti ditat arenas;
Quaque olim placidas volvit Iliſſus aquas:
At non Theſeam Libertas aurea gentem,
Muſarumve choros jam Ptolemæus alit.
Libertas, cum Rege pio gratiſſima, Cami
Excipit hoſpitio ſplendidiore Deas;
Amplaque veſtibulum Pelhami Laurus obumbrat—
Sic erit æternum, ſic tibi, Granta, decus.

Robertus Glynn M.D. Coll. Regal. Socius.

I.

EARLY in infant Learning's riſing Day
This Iſle beheld her feeble Ray;
The Beams of Attic Suns, the Lights of Rome,
All overcaſt, and ſunk, in low'ring Northern Gloom:

II.

So, by our great Forefathers pious Hand,
Theſe publick Structures, rudely plann'd,
From ſlow Degrees (thus private Bounty flows)
Sacred to Manners, Arts, and opening Science roſe.

III.

No Doric Pillars form'd the Baſe;
No gay Corinthian there had Place;
No Order, known in Greece, or Rome,
The Column rear'd, or ſwell'd the Dome:
Nor Architrave, nor Frieze we find;
But all was ſimply Great, and like the Founder's Mind.

IV.

Nor wonder at their tardy Stage;
Th' Improvements few from Age to Age;
When Scholars rais'd the Walls in which they read:
For Time alone to human Things
Beareth Perfection on its Wings:
Let but the Race of Years be told;
Count but the ſecret Streams which roll'd,
What nameleſs Urns were pour'd to fill the Tiber's Bed!

V.

Tho' nor Apollo's Train,
Nor Graces did diſdain
In ſuch rude Cells to dwell,
And tune the Poet's Shell:
Tho' here the newborn Muſes Chaucer taught;
— And tripping Fairies Spencer led;
Tho' Milton dar'd the Skies to tread;
And Newton's Seraph-Mind the heav'nly Spirit caught:

VI.

Yet ſtill theſe Structures long no Favours ſhar'd.
Tho' all her Efforts Genius made;
Tho' oft ſhe triumph'd in the Shade;
No Prince's Hand a *Palatine* had rear'd:
Still the fair Seats which Science lov'd,
Her Manſions languiſh'd unimprov'd;
Her ſacred Volumes Deſolation fear'd.
Minerva's juſt Complaint no *Miniſter* had heard.

VII.

For thus the Goddeſs bad the Fates ordain:
" Reſerve imperial Works for *Brunſwick*'s Reign.
" Be all the Arts of Peace his own,
" Receiving Culture from the Throne."
To *You* theſe publick Cares they now aſſign'd;
A gen'rous Province form'd for PELHAM's gen'rous Mind.

VIII.

In long deſcended Lineage back we trace
Your Anceſtors in Armour ſteel'd,
Firſt, when their Country call'd, in Danger's Face,
And reaping Honours from the Field.
See! in his Manſion-Hall what Banners wave,
Streaming on high in burniſh'd Gold:
This ſpeaks an haughty King of France their Slave,
That Scottiſh David, Archer bold!
Dragging the captive Chain, confin'd in Priſon-Hold.

Such

IX.

Such were the Paths thoſe Heroes knew;
The Arts, from which their Fame they drew;
Your's is the *Peaceful Gown:*
Like them you guard your Country's Weal;
Claim for your King an equal Zeal;
Superiour your Renown.
Let this the Cabinet, the Senate tell;
Let this the Rage of ſecret Envy quell;
And growling Faction drown.

X.

But chief your Love of Arts the Bard ſhould praiſe,
Patron of Science! Guardian of the Bays!
What Tyes this Wreath demand?
Your Bounty to the Muſes Seats;
Reviſiting their dear Retreats;
Care of the Learned Band.
A Monument of theſe yon ſtately Pile ſhall ſtand.

Edward Clarke, Inceptor in Arts,
Fellow of St. John's College.

RELLIQUIAS tenues verſis ſpoliamus Athenis,
Inciſa obſcuris Marmora ſola notis;
Barbariem longe hoſtilem fugere Camenæ,
Doctrinæ & tantum mœſta Sepulchra manent.
At non everſas lugemus Palladis Arces,
Nec querimur triſtes has ſubiiſſe vices:
Libera jamdudum coluit quo Græcia Muſas,
Nunc læto hoſpitio Terra Britanna colit.
Hinc Ætas præſens & poſtera diſcet eundem
Et Patriæ & Muſis invigilaſſe VIRUM.

Guilielmus Hanmer A.M. Coll. Regal. Socius.

I.

IN thoſe bright manſions, to the Gods above
Where Hebe's hands the nectar'd bowl diſpenſe,
Conſpicuous near th' eternal throne of Jove
Sits his fair Daughter meek Benevolence:
She while the Thund'rer on a deſtin'd Land
The bolt of Vengeance meditates to throw,
With anxious mercy checks his wrathful hand
Uprear'd to ſtrike, and intercepts the blow:
But when ſome happier Nation claims from Heav'n
Like thee, O Albion, its peculiar Care,
To Her the great, th' important Charge is giv'n
The bleſſings of the Ætherial King to bear;
Swifter than flies the rapid-pinion'd Light
Downwards on earth the Goddeſs wings her Airy flight.

II.

Thou Gentle Goddeſs of the ſmiling brow,
On Mortal men oft pour'ſt thy Genial fire,
Who not unconſcious whence their riches flow,
Thank whilſt They emulate th' All-bounteous Sire;
Tis Their's on Mis'ry bending to the Earth
The chearing beam of pity ſtill to ſhed,
Still with kind aid to prop deſponding worth,
And bid fair Science lift her laurell'd head:
Sacred to Phœbus rear'd at their command
The pillar'd Temple ſhines in ſtately pride;
Tis their's, That o'er a plenty-ſmiling Land
Branch in full many a channel far and wide
The ſtreams of Bounty, rich as whilom roll'd
The Lydian River fam'd for ſands of native Gold.

III.

Whoe'er They be, that thus, like Gods rever'd,
Show'r on Mankind their precious bleſſings down,
Thro' Life's long toilſome journey ſtill are chear'd
With the blithe Melody of ſweet Renown:
But when at length in no unwelcome hour
Th' Ætherial Spirit ſhall ſcape its earthly fold,

And

And thick-invelop'd mid Elyſian bow'r
With ſhades of mightieſt note high converſe hold,
With the choice fragrance of ſweet-odour'd praiſe
The Muſe embalms their uncorrupted Name;
For their admittance widely She diſplays
The Golden portals of immortal Fame:
Hence, long as Camus on his wat'ry glaſs
Shall ſee yon proud reflected turrets ſhine,
The Sons of Science ever as they paſs
Shall offer each his Gift on Henry's Shrine:
Hence in Spenſer's deathleſs lays
The Good Eliza's virgin praiſe
To lateſt Ages ſtill ſhall bloom;
The Muſe, her pious handmaid ſtill
With Flow'rets pluck'd from Pindus' Hill
Shall deck her hallow'd Tomb:
Hence on the wing of Glory borne ſublime,
Thy Name, O GEORGE, ſhall reach th' extremeſt bounds of Time:

I.

Hence ſhall the Poet frame the votive lay
To Pelham's praiſe in Ages yet to come;
'Yes (ſhall the raptur'd Bard be heard to ſay)
'Twas Pelham's hand that rear'd yon beauteous Dome.
'Then, Granta, then what joys thy boſom fed!
'Thro' all thy Sons what thrilling tranſports ran!
'O! How did All importune Heav'n to ſhed
'It's choiceſt bleſſings on the Godlike Man!
'The Hoary Cam, admiring as he view'd
'The riſing fabrick grace his flow'ry brim,
'In homage due then cleft his argent flood,
'With all his daughter train, the Naids trim,
'Proud as Scamander, when Jove's Offspring ſaid,
"Riſe, Ilion, riſe" — He ſpake, and Ilion rear'd its head.'

II.

The Grateful Sons of Science yet unborn
Thee, Pelham, Thee their Genius ſhall adore,
All, whoſe illuſtrious Virtues ſhall adorn
With influence ſweet Old Camus' parent Shore;

Whether like Smith or Newton they ſhall trace
  Myſterious Nature to her ſecret ſource,
Range the ſtarr'd Poles, and thro' unbounded Space
  O'ertake the Comet in it's rapid courſe;
Or whether They (for unto All are giv'n
  Peculiar Arts in Fame's fair lifts to vye)
Nought leſs the favourites of auſpicious Heav'n
  Glow with the rapturous fire of Poeſy:
Ætherial Spark! from heav'n at birth it came;
And ill betide the Churl, who ſcorns the God-like Flame.

III.

Sweet Poeſy! how paſſing bleſt is He
  Of earthly Mortals, who is ever ſeen
In careleſs mood reclining Fancy-free
  Beſide thy fountains edg'd with laurels green,
What time blith Morning from her Orient bed
  Bluſhing the roſy-pinion'd Zephyrs lead,
Till Evening meek comes on in ſilent tread,
  With moiſt foot ſtepping o'er the daiſied Mead:
O ſay, fair Goddeſs, if Thou yet doſt hold
  Thy Seat with Men of theſe degen'rate days,
If ſtill it may delight thee, as of old,
  On Granta's bank to nurſe thy blooming bays,
Who now ſhall duly call thee? Say, to whom
  Wilt Thou in ſweeteſt Dignity advance,
Thy graceful Mantle wove in Attic loom
  By the neat-finger'd Virgin, Elegance?
    While Bounty bids with beauteous pride
    Yon Structure crown thy Camus' ſide,
      The votive Tribute who ſhall bring?
    With thy rapture-kindling fire
    What favour'd Bard wilt Thou inſpire?
      Whom give to ſoar with lofty wing,
  And climb undazzled with the mighty blaze
The brighteſt Heav'n of PELHAM's high-exalted Praiſe?

Charles Emily Scholar of Trinity College.

O Qui Britannos, ceu ratis impiger
Clavum gubernat Rector, ubi furit
Neptunus, infensisque venti
Fluctibus exitium minantur!
Auctore quassas te reficit rates
Britannus: Urbi sollicitus, times
Quas Gallus infidus paratis
Insidias meditatur armis.
Tu Civitatem quid deceat simul
Curasti; amatam lætus Apollinis
Sedem revisis; Literarum
Optimus invigilas saluti
Patronus. Omnis te colit, in tuis
Omnis laborat laudibus æmula
Caterva vatum, splendidamque
Deproperat capiti coronam.
Nec indecoro Granta silentio
Ingrata Regem negliget: immemor
Nec spernet augustam implicare
Canitiem viridante lauro.
Surgit sub almis auspiciis Domus;
Ornata surgit munere Regio,
Tuoque: lætantur Sorores
Pieriæ; Dominusque Pindi
Laudem vetabit carpere lividas
Obliviones: Structa manu tua
Te non silebunt, nec remittent
Saxa fidem Domino obligatam.

Hen. Ellison Aulæ de Clare Socio-Commensalis.

QUID placidæ rident hac tempestate Camenæ?
Lumen adest nostræ Præsidiumque Togæ.
Pacis opus prope jam mediis meditatur in Armis,
Datque sua in Molem crescere Saxa manu.
Exue squallorem Granta! hoc sub Vindice Pallas
Quam colat, assurget Pallade digna Domus.

Georgius Bally A.M. Coll. Regal. Socius.

O Decus noſtræ columenque gentis!
(Sive civiles meditatur artes,
Seu ferox hoſtes parat in minaces
GEORGIUS arma)
Idem et ornatæ facilis Camenæ;
Namque Te caſto juvenem in receſſu
Granta formavit, tenerique mentem im-
plevit alumni;
Huc ades, famæ monumenta magnæ,
Dona viſurus. Pietas in artes
Et favor Regum Procerumque noſtras
Condidit arces.
Ipſe nunc ſacris loca lautiora
Deſtinas Muſis; ſtruis et columnas,
Artibus ponens operoſiori
Mœnia ſumptu.
Te Britannorum decus adjuvante
Floret; et reſponſa petunt Iberi
Principis noſtri, petit imminente
Gallia bello.
En! Palatino decus atque virtus
Exulant a monte; nec ipſa ſanctos,
Artium Mater Sophiæque, jactat
Græcia alumnos.
Longior Nobis diuturniorque
Floreat fortuna; nec hoſtis unquam,
Aut dies vertat potiore ductos
Alite muros.

Henricus Penton Aulæ de Clare Socio-Commenſalis.

DE REGE.

AUGUSTUS, Artium uſque Fautor optimus,
Hic mœnia haud inauſpicato numine
Condi imperavit conſecrata Literis,
Eo nitore & partium elegantia,
Ut invidenda ſint vel illis Ædibus
Quæ ſæculorum voce comprobantium
Præ cæteris ſuperbiunt, juſtiſſima
Romæ recentis & vetuſtæ gloria.
Nec his ſupellex digna deerit mœnibus,
Et Vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula;
Id Ille abundè caverat, noviſſimus
Dedit volenti jura qui Britanniæ.
Brunſvichianis ſcilicet ſanctiſſimum eſt
Legeſque tutari & fovere Literas.

AD CANCELLARIUM.

O Tu, qui doctas Cami feliciter Artes
Protegis, Aonii Duxque Decuſque Chori,
Quod Domus incipiat tam læto hæc omine condi,
Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum eſt.
Munera dant numeroſa manus Procerumque Patrumque,
Exemplo & monitis exſtimulata tuis.
Perge fovere Artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:
Tam pulchrum pulchrè Muſa rependet opus.
Hæc Moles quondam ipſa ruet; Monumenta, Camenæ
Quæ condent, nullo ſunt ruitura die.

Robertus Lloyd A. B. Coll. Trin.

INFIDA bello Gallia quid parat,
Pelhame, paulum quærere deſinas;
Dum Muſa doctrinæ faventem
Te ſtudio colit impotenti.
Te, grande Rerum præſidium et decus,
Frequens Senatus plauſubus excipit:
Nec ſordeant laudes Athenæ
Quas memores tribuunt Patrono.

Olim in Theatro veſtra benignitas
Viſa eſt fideli; nec ſiluit lyra
  Jucunda; ſed læti triumphis
  Littora perſonuere Cami.
Quis grata condet nunc tibi carmina?
Muſæ invidendis muneribus potens!
  Cum Georgius nutrit, tuoſque
  Promovet in melius labores.
Ornata magno numine Cæſaris
Roma eſt Camenis æmula Achaïcis;
  Tuiſque Nos freti nec impar
  Auſpiciis decus arrogamus.
Audire Phœbi jam videor Chorum
Novis ovantem Altaribus; exteras
  Dum Fama gentes pervagatur,
  Teque rudes venerantur Indi.
Qui gaudet acris turbine prælii,
Hoſtis catervas diruere impiger,
  Palma coronetur, decuſque
  Sanguineis ſibi poſcat arvis:
Sed Tu, quietis ſplendidus Artibus,
Hìc ſerta brumæ neſcia colliges;
  Virtuſque Te ad ſedes levabit
  Æthereas volitante penna.

Gualterus Kerrich Aul. Cath. Alumnus.

EXCIDIIS vaſtare Urbes, fluctuſque ciere
  Martis, et inſano populos miſcere tumultu
Affectent alii; non Te ſeges horrida belli,
Victrices hederæ, lachrymiſque madentia matrum
Serta juvant, Pelhame: ingens tamen undique laudi
Campus, et omnigenæ virtutis flore renidens
Panditur; huic immiſſa cohors ſtudioſa juventæ
Dona legunt, certantque tuis properare coronam
Temporibus; ſibi quæque tuum præſcribere nomen
Pagina avet, laudeſque caducæ intexere chartæ.
Felix ille animi, fortunatuſque laborum
Materie qui digna canet; ſed ferre ruborem

Car-

Carmina fœda ſolent, decorique infigere labem.
Non ideo noſtrum memorare ut mente capaci
Dividis ingentes curas; ut tempora vitæ
Nulla tuæ nobis pereunt; animuſque viciſſim
Aut ſtudium imponit Populis, aut otia Muſis.
Et niſi ſuſtineas æquato examine lances
Imperii, momenta regens, jam flebile Fratris
Exitium, ſtabili nuper libramine noſtrum
Expulerit, fatoque gravem depreſſerit orbem.
Non tamen hæc inter tenues cognoſcere curas
Pœnitet, & leviora ſequi: nam pectora tangit
Almæ Matris amor; primam quoniam illa juventam
Imbuit, et magnis docuit proludere fatis.
Hinc vota antevenis, non exſpectantibus ultro
Munificus; pulchramque paras attollere molem
Magnorum impenſis operum, qua Pallas Athenas,
Atque Palatinus ſedem mutaret Apollo.
Inſtans Ipſe operi venturis ſplendida ſcenis
Fundamenta locas, Doctrinæque edita templa
Altius educis: Regum documenta Miniſtris
Præſcripſiſſe juvat, ſæcliſque dediſſe futuris
Argumentum ingens. Neque Te, memorande, ſilebo,
Quo multæ magnæque ſecantur Judice lites;
Quem non ambigui incautum ſolertia verbi
Fallat, præcipitiſve audax facundia linguæ
Incurvet; quem non ullus prece vincat emaci
Ambitus; Ipſe idem nodos evolvere veri
Callidus, incertæque obſcura volumina Cauſæ
Ingenio penetrare acri, juſtiſſimus unus
Præſes judiciis, & ſervantiſſimus Æqui:
Idem munificus doctis, & fautor honeſtis
Artibus, & ſemper facilis cum Muſa perorat.
Creſcite Virtutes, fœcundaque floreat Ætas
Ingeniis; quando majores nacta Patronos,
Quando aliàs tantos Academia jactet honores!
Sed non proveniunt hæc Te ſine, Maxime Regum,
Auſpiciiſque tuis: Te Principe, Brutus amaret
Imperium, & rigidi cuperent ſervire Catones.

Olim

Olim diſcordes habitæ, Te Principe, Rerum
Naturæ coeunt, unaque in ſede Tyranni
Majeſtas Populi cum Libertate moratur.

Daniel Gaches Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

DUM per umbroſi nemoris receſſus
Amnis errores varios ſequebar
Sedulus, flexuſque animo notabam,
Decipiente,
Ut ſolet, longum ſtudio laborem;
Horridum ſylva ſcopulum ſubibam,
Prima qua furtim levis unda rivum
Ducit eundo.
Hoc Pater Fontis viridi ſub antro
Humidas inter ſalices jacebat,
Veſtibus glaucis humeros amictus,
Nixus in urnam.
Naiades circum choreas agebant,
Quas procul Camus pater otioſus
Spectat, et ridens reſonas dat ire
Mitius undas.
Adſtiti paulum tacito pavore,
Cuncta miratus, ſcopulo excavatam
Nunc domum, veſtes modo, nunc coronam a-
rundine nexam.
Sed nec adſtantem retinent decentes
Virginum luſus, ſcopulo excavata
Vel domus, veſteſve Dei, aut corona a-
rundine nexa.
Urna me totum tenet; immorari
Nec ſinit mitis Deus: at repente
Arripit dextram, et variam libenter
Explicat artem.
Granta ſtat turrita caput, domoſque
Regias, lucos, ſacra templa circum
Reſpicit viſu facili, et Patronos
Læta recenſet.

Spi-

Spirat hinc lauro bene nota Pallas;
Matris hinc Almæ latus alta claudit
Fama, cui dextram Tuba complet ære
Facta perenni.
Adſtat Heroum manus, et virentis
Accipit ſemper rediviva frondis
Dona. —— Quis ſacris procul Ille ramis
Tempora vinctus?
Quem choris Muſæ Chariteſque cingunt? ——
‘ Ille quem quæris coluit Minervam,
‘ Et colit ſummus, ſtudiiſque docti
‘Præſidet otî.
‘ Quin, memor noſtri, mediis negotî
‘ Fluctibus, quondam petit hos receſſus;
‘ Et novis donans mea jam coronat
‘ Littora tectis.
‘ Regiam Nilus ſileat domum; nec
‘ Sola dicatur MEDICINA MENTIS:
‘ Nec Palatinas ſibi jactet arces
‘Tybridis amnis.
‘ Surgit hic omni celebranda Muſa
‘ Grandior moles mihi, porticuſque
‘ Aptior ſedes Sophiæ, magiſque
‘ Cæſare digna.
Ore ſic Camus dedit, et ſub imo
Se lacu merſit. —— per amœna ruris
Muneris tanti memor amne dulci,
Came, vageris.
Sic nec areſcas, hyemalibuſve
Sordibus pollutus eas; virentem
Sit nemus turri, nemorique turris
Mixta per oram.
Muneris tanti memores Camenæ,
Quotquot hic luſere, canant; nec ipſe
Spiritum Phœbus neget invocanti
Rite Poetæ.

Muſa! Pelhamum meliore penna
Concines, ut voce tonans Senatum
Perſonet; lites regat eloquenti
Neſtoris ore;
Jura tutetur Britonum, ſecundus
Cæſari tantum; patriæque cuſtos
Lege refrænet vigil evagantis
Corda popelli.
Tum meæ (ſi quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet levis aura; carpam
Floſculos, digner modo, tam frequenti
Addere ſerto.

Carolus Marſh, Trin. Coll. Alumnus.

PHOEBE veni; ingeminent noſtros nova gaudia plauſus!
Caſtalium properes, Phœbe, ciere Chorum.
Dic properare novem, dic, barbita ferre Sorores,
Calliopenque Tubam, Melpomenenque Lyram:
Has inter nec ſperne tamen, dictante Thalia,
Exiguos, fundit quos Elegia, modos.
Ecce Tibi (an cernis?) fauſto quali auſpice, quanto
Aſſurrectura eſt omine læta domus!
Pelhami poſuiſſe manum, exultate Penates!
Felices certe quos levat illa manus!
Illa manus Muſas, languenteſque excitat Artes:
Unica quas Artes calluit, illa fovet.
Digna ſed exurgat tali ut fundamine Moles,
Plenum eſt ſolliciti, Granta, timoris opus.
Marmoris Ioniis fulciri mitto columnis;
Excelſo laquear mitto recline tholo:
Nil moror, ut facili torno ſuperaddita vitis
Veſtiat, aut hederæ vis, vel acanthus, opus:
Spargere & huc illuc labruſcam mitto racemos,
Aut quas e cornu Copia fundit opes.
Sed quæ, Granta, ædes exornet culta ſupellex
Digna adytis intus, cura futura tua eſt.

Artis

Artis Phidiacæ ſi qua eſt manus æmula, vivos
  Angliaci vultus exprimat illa Jovis,
Fulmina miſſuri debellatura ſuperbos,
  Contuſura tuas, et, Lodoïce, minas.
Sed candor nec deſit inenarrabilis ori,
  Unde ſolet populo lætior ire dies!
Proximus Huic (et noſter amor, Libethrides, ingens)
  Pelhami notus fulgeat oris honos:
Qualis ad Europæ ripas irrorat Apollo
  Crines, Ortygios inſtituitve choros.
Inferiore baſi, et leviore toreumate ſtabis
  Tu, Mater, vitta ſupplice vincta comas.
Æmula Te pubes Muſis et amica ſequetur,
  Inceſſit quorum pectora laudis amor;
Quos in ſublimes niſus rapit impigra Virtus,
  Quos et nota Fides, et Pietatis honos!
Conſcius extrema Patroni Camus in ora
  In mare majori vortice volvat aquas;
Camus arundinea ripa projectus — et urnam
  Pelhami inſcriptam nomine jactet ovans.
Poſt hos eniteat venerandæ gratia formæ
  Hardvici. — Hardvicus gloria prima fori!
Hinc nec jactaret Sapientum Porticus ulla
  Pignora clarorum tam pretioſa ducum;
Quamvis credibile eſt minitantem ibi ſtare Lycurgum,
  Quem vel marmoreum dicere jura putes;
Ingenium exhibuit quamvis ibi fronte ſevera
  Juſtus Ariſtides, mitior ore Plato.
Porticus infractis bello fuit illita Medis:
  Nobilitet Grantæ Gallia victa Scholas.
Olim nec deerunt laceratæ Apluſtria Claſſis,
  Nec noſtro, Anſoni munera, Roſtra foro!

Robertus Tyrwhitt, Col. Jeſu Alumnus.

THE Sun, repoſing in the Ocean Bed,
Had painted all th' Horizon round with red;
The modeſt Eve, with ſolemn pace, and ſtill,
Stept from the ſummit of yon cloud-crown'd Hill:
Faſt by the banks of Cam I rov'd along,
And idly mus'd ſome Time-beguiling Song.
Mute were the Zephyrs, and the Sky was fair;
No giddy noiſe diſturb'd the ſilent Air:
Save that the Linnet, on a neighbouring Spray,
In ſweeteſt Numbers chirp'd her artleſs lay.
When lo! the Streams in parting circles ſpread,
To ſee their Genius raiſe his awful head,
Immortal Cam: A Sage advanc'd in years,
Tho' fluſh'd with Youth his purple cheek appears:
Round his fair brow the verdant Oſiers creep,
And matted Sedge, the Laurel of the Deep.
He ſhakes his Treſſes, dank with dripping dews,
And ſpeaks in Accents, ſuch as Mortals uſe.
" Say, canſt thou tune thy reed, and at thy ſide
" Theſe Streams neglected flow, unnotic'd glide?
" Streams, which like fabled Helicon, infuſe
" Strength to the thought, and Fancy to the Muſe.
" Riſe, riſe, my Son, and in the trump of Fame
" Blow the full praiſes of my ſlighted Name;
" Sing the gay fields, where Science loves to rove,
" Nymph of the plain, and Dryad of the grove.
" Let mad Sedition's Votaries never ceaſe,
" Sworn Foes to Virtue, Liberty, and Peace:
" Let them in Faction's Rites the Night prolong,
" Their Learning, Politics; their Prayers, a Song.
" Far other cares my letter'd Sons employ,
" Not Mirth's mad revels, but ſubſtantial joy.
" No idiot brawls diſtract the madding brain,
" Or ſhake calm Science in her antient reign.
" Here, far from Crouds, ſhe treads the vale of Life,
" Nor plunges in the waves of Civil ſtrife:
" Digs the rich Ore from Nature's deepeſt mine,
" Pours her large tribute at fair Freedom's ſhrine;

" Freedom,

Freedom, which equal bounds at once divide
From ſervile Meanneſs, and licentious Pride.
  Oft in my ruſh-built Grot, the Nereids round
Attentive liſt'ning to the well-known ſound,
Pleas'd I recount the Glories of my Line;
Where Stateſmen, Sages, Poets, Patriots ſhine:
Tell firſt how Bacon's ſelf-illumin'd Mind
From Error's droſs Philoſophy refin'd;
Nor aw'd by Prejudice, nor Slave to fame,
Scar'd at the Giant Phantom of a Name.
Then tell how Newton's all-diſcerning Eye
Pierc'd the vaſt Regions of the boundleſs Sky:
Saw in juſt courſe th' unerring Bodies run;
Wheel'd the bright Planets round their Central Sun;
Each Part united to the wondrous Whole;
And told the lawleſs Comet where to roll.
  Here Milton boldly ſwept the ſounding Lyre,
And mix'd a Seraph's with a Poet's Fire.
Here did great Dryden's haughty Genius rove;
Here tender Cowley ſooth'd the ſoul to love:
O'er fairy Lands enchanted Spenſer ſtray'd;
And gallant Prior woo'd th' Aonian Maid.
  But oh! what ſhouts from cave to cave rebound,
Now every ſweet-voic'd Nymph return'd the ſound,
Whene'er Britannia's liſtn'ing Senate hung
On Walpole's Art, or great Newcaſtle's Tongue.
All hail, thou laſt, and beſt of all my train!
Hail to theſe walls, where Peace, and Science reign!
Go, pluck, my Sons, the Laurel's learned bough,
And weave a chaplet for his Patriot brow.
Tis he, who ſtoops your loyal Vows to hear,
And wafts your Incenſe up to BRUNSWICK's ear.
Rais'd by his hand, (O ſpare their tender years,
Propitious Fate, nor bath my Urn with tears!)
Thro' dark futurity methinks I trace
Of Granta's Sons a long, illuſtrious race.
Some with wiſe skill like him ſhall guide the State;
Some on their Shoulders prop the important Weight:

While others, far from Glory's thorny road,
" Shall look thro Nature up to Nature's God."
To Hardwick's Name the joyful Strains prolong;
Swell the ſweet Pipe, and tune the feſtal Song.
What tho', by Fate denied, my blameleſs page
Boaſts not the Glories of his tender age;
Still in my cauſe he burns with equal fire,
Adopted Offſpring of the tuneful Choir:
With Pelham, mine, as England's Weal defends,
The firſt of Patriots, and the beſt of Friends.
But GEORGE's Praiſe let every Tongue proclaim:
To Granta ſacred is a GEORGE's Name.
Lo! by the great Example fir'd, the Son
Prepares to finiſh what the Sire begun.
I ſee, I ſee the lofty Dome ariſe,
And rear her tow'ring Columns to the Skies.
While o'er theſe Plains exhauſtleſs Streams ſhall glide,
Still by freſh Springs inſenſibly ſupplied;
While Laws to Albion GEORGE's line ſhall give,
While Arts ſhall flouriſh, or while Virtue live;
To lateſt Times the grateful Muſe ſhall tell,
(For here to lateſt times the Muſe ſhall dwell)
That learning's Cauſe and Granta's Name are dear
To YORKE's, to PELHAM's, and to BRUNSWICK's Ear.

William Roberts, Scholar of King's College.

ANTIQUIS Muſæ depulſæ ſedibus ibant
Per terram profugæ, donec miſerata vagantes
Hoſpitio accepit tandem Brittannia feſſas.
Incola Libertas ubi ſic affata Sorores;
'Sit Nobis commune ſolum, paribuſque regamus
'Auſpiciis; Genus hoc licet inſuperabile bello,
'Non ea durities animis; nec pectora geſtant
'Hic obtuſa adeo Britones, quin debita vobis
'Gratia, quin Muſis juſti tribuantur honores.'
Hæc fatur; ſecum Nymphaſque ad mœnia Cami

Duxit;

Duxit; et oſtentans Ædes, urbemque paratam,
Hic, ait, hic olim Newtoni nobile pectus
Fervuit, et primum Naturæ arcana retexit.
Hic ſedes vos grata manet, qua multa Juventus
Solis ad occaſum prece Muſas ambit ab ortu.
Nec ſic pendebunt opera interrupta: videtis,
Huc ſe, Muſarum patiens tutelâ vocari,
Infert Pelhamus; vobis nova ponitur Ara.
Ipſe favet vultu placido; circum undique læti
Inſtant Artifices, et magnæ ſaxa columnæ
Excidunt, tectis olim decora alta futuris.
Hic quicquid fidis mandavit Græcia chartis,
Quicquid Roma potens, celſa ſervabitur Æde:
Hic Solis Lunæque vias ſtudioſa Juventus
Deteget, et magni pandet penetralia mundi.
Lætitia exultans Clio ſic orſa, Sorores
Dum ſociant aliæ percuſſis carmina nervis;
" Quid prius Auguſti dicemus laude Parentis?
" Qui nobis dat pace frui, vacuaque ſub umbra
" Armorum ſtrepitus inter, tuta otia fecit.
" In cælos abeas ſerus; potiuſque triumphos
" Hic cupias, Patriæque Pater, Princepſque vocari.
" Gallica nec bellum, Te vivo, claſſis inulta
" Audeat, atque ultra præſcriptos tendere fines.
" Pelhamo interea nectes, Pimplea, Coronam:
" Plurima nec deſit virtuti gratia tantæ,
" Conſiliis Patriam quæ curat, moribus ornat."
Fas ſit ut a Muſis, qui ſic coluere, colantur.
At vos Caſtalii fontes, et frigida Tempe,
At vos Parnaſſi juga ſacri celſa, valete:
Poſthabitis ſedes hæc grata coletur Athenis;
Hic Artes, tandem poſitoque Scientia velo,
Et chorus hic triplex, noſter comitatus, agentur.

John Hinchliffe, B.A. Coll. Trin.

PATRONE Salve! ſeu populus tuam
Curam requirit, ſeu domus artium;
Utrique opem conferre præſens,
Et patriæ pater atque Muſae.
Curis ſolutum Te gravioribus
Speramus: Artes Tu ſimul excolis,
Foveſque, noſtri Tu laboris
Præſidium pariter decuſque.
Ecce! invidendis, Te duce, poſtibus
Ædes reſurgunt. Fallor? an ordine
Jam cerno Telluris Columnas
Immemores, nitidumque tectum.
Apollo Trojæ mœnia condidit;
Thebaſque claras turribus arduis
Extruxit Amphion, Tonante
Progenies oriunda Patre.
Florebit illis clarior Urbibus
Jam Granta, tanti et Gloria nominis
Æterna durabit, nepotum
Per memores celebrata faſtos.

Henricus Elmſall, A. B. Coll. Div. Johan.

ASPICE venturis monimenta orientia ſæclis;
Aſpice, Romanas quod ſuperabit opes.
Talia non ornant miracula Palladis arces;
Talia Niliacis nulla lavantur aquis.
Pyramis immani ſolidata ibi pondere nutat,
Informi æthereas mole minata plagas.
At Tibi diſſimili ſurgunt, Academia, cultu
Mœnia, Barbarica non ea ducta manu.
Hic labor explicuit doctam ſubtilior artem;
Splendidus hic mixta ſimplicitate decor.
Nec Te pœniteat, doctrinæ ampliſſime Fautor,
Muſarum ingenuos nobilitare lares:
Hæc Monimenta, alti ſi ſtant ſub nominis umbra,
At Famam implebunt non peritura tuam.

Tuque

Tuque, Britannorum cui cordi gloria, Grantæ
  Patronus dici vis Patriæque Parens.
Cura laboranti quid ſi tua providet orbi,
  Pondus & imperii ſuſtinet æqua manus?
Hæc quoque partitur tot publica commoda ſedes;
  Et tibi Muſarum rebus adeſſe vacat.
O ſeris mirande nepotibus, optime Regum!
  Exemplar, quod ament, quodque imitentur, eris.

Edvardus Pemberton, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

ALTER ſonoris imperet horridi
  Martis procellis, ſanguine turbidus,
Et cæde graſſetur, ſuperbi
  Heu! decoris pretioſus emptor.
Te Muſa dignis laudibus efferet,
Seu das olivæ tendere ſurculos
  Paci virentes; ſeu Minervæ
Vertice ſideribus propinquas
Videre ſedes: quippe nec infrequens,
Cultorve parcus Pieridum choro
  Te ſæpe jungas, O Britannis
Grande decus, columenque regni!
Evæ! recentis conſcia gaudii
Facunda Grantæ plauſibus inſonant
  Arva, æquitatis jam recepto
Te Duce, te Patriæ Patrono.
Stupenda quondam mœnia carmine,
Thebis & arces addidit haud Lyræ
  Ignarus Amphion, ſequaces
Et lapides animare doctus:
Sic Architecta voce potens ſtruis
Theatra Muſis, atque jubes Cami
  Ad margines non indecoras
Ducere compoſitis choreas.

I— Fama, caro jam capiti duas
Vinci coronas; laurea civicæ
Accedat; et lætas honoris
Det meriti tuba clara voces.

Jacobus Scott, Aul. Cath. Alumnus.

VISA diu felix, et Athenis æmula, Granta
Nunc erit auſpiciis aucta, Pelhame, tuis.
O fortunati quorum jam mœnia ſurgunt!
Qualia Phœbeæ ſtructa canore lyræ.
Vicina Cami flores decerpite ripa,
Et nova laurigeris nectite ſerta comis.
Tuque, Patrone, pios ne dedignere clientes:
Sume, licet meritis inferiora tuis.
Hic primum ingenuas tibi diſcere contigit artes,
Muſarumque choris inſeruiſſe manus.
Et licet extremas tua fama vagetur ad oras,
Sunt tamen in noſtro ſemina jacta ſolo.
Grantæ eſt, quod pleni moderaris fræna theatri,
Quod prodis placidæ gloria prima togæ.
Nec pudet antiquam te ſæpe reviſere Matrem,
Et veteres iterum fautor adire focos.
Sis bonus, O felixque tuis! et perge tueri
Mœnia, finitimis invidioſa locis.
Quid ſi Cecropiæ nil ſunt, niſi nomen, Athenæ,
Et modo famoſas occulit herba domos?
Quid ſi pæne ruat Capitolî immobile ſaxum?
Si vetus horrenti Roma ſepulta ſitu eſt?
Non tamen has arces poterit delere vetuſtas:
Quæ tua dextra locat mœnia, ſemper erunt.

Rich. Edwards, Coll. Regal. Alumn.

HASTE, young-eyed May! and gently pour
From boſom green thy balmy ſtore:
Bid violets paint their azure beds,
And daffodils with bending heads,
And tulip gilt, and primroſe fair
Sweetly catch the laughing air.
Bring Joy along, thy eldeſt born,
And Plenty with her flowing horn;
Whilſt Birds of many a various wing
To *Cam* in wildeſt woodnotes ſing,
Who ſees approach his *ſedgy* Throne
The State's great Patron, and his own.
Hail, PELHAM! by whoſe fav'rite hand
Peace yet ſtrews olive round the land:
See, EUROPE's groans betray deſpair;
Her trembling Ballance asks thy care:
And if no human art can guide
The pendant weight on either ſide,
If ſacred GEORGE at length ſhall ceaſe
To bid the world be bleſt in Peace,
Of crowns in vain ſhall *Lewis* dream;
His ſcale ſhall mount, and kick the beam.
Whence then, *Britannia*, the big tear,
Leſt Song detain thy Patriot's ear?
His noble breaſt at once is free
To guard the well-lov'd Muſe, and Thee.
See, *Learning* marks his choſen way
With many a beam of early day;
And louring *Ignorance* gives place
To Science, with averted Face;
Whilſt PELHAM bids the column riſe,
And tell his bounty to the skies.
Now ſmiles old *Cam*, and ſcatter'd finds
His *Gothic* duſt the ſport of winds;
Nor envys *Iſis*, who erewhile
Boaſted her Mauſolean Pile.

On

On Domes depends not PELHAM's name:
But be *They* founded on *His* fame!
Haſte, ye Muſes, to prepare,
Sweet flowrets for your Guardian's hair;
Beneath His banner ſafe engage,
And brave the *Vandals* of the age.
For Him your choiceſt lawrels bring,
Who lifts ev'n Me on Fancy's wing:
For Him let Nature's face be gay,
All be mirth, and holyday!
But when the ruddy Eve ſteals on,
And tips the grove with mantle brown;
When ſwings the ſolemn *Curfeu* ſlow,
Far abſent be, thou Bird of woe!
Nor cloſe the day with hoarſeneſs drear,
This faireſt daughter of the year!

Richard Farmer, Scholar of Emmanuel College.

DELPHICA cum Pario decorarunt marmore templa,
Si quondam (ut fama eſt) gratâ mercede tulerunt
Fatidicum tripodem, vocemque Alcmæone nati,
Phœbe, veni; Voſque O! præſentia numina vatum,
Munere ſi veſtro Thebanæ conditor arcis
Aurita in muros juſſit coaleſcere ſaxa,
Ferte pedem faciles Nymphæ. Vos veſter Apollo
Arceſſit, propriiſque jubet ſuccedere templis.
Non male ſarta ingens innixa columna columnæ
Pondus iners, Atlantis robore futile tecti
Fulcit onus; nec barbaricis gemit ornamentis
Ægre ſuſtentans, nec pondere molis iniquæ.
Simplex munditiis, juſto librata tenore,
Vitruvii ſurgit meritò domus æmula dextræ,
Digna deo, quamque ipſe colat vel condat Apollo;
Et colet: in viridi nam tectus arundine ripâ,
Came, tuâ, facilem cum Naide ludere vidi
Sæpe Deum: celſas potuit contemnere ſedes,

Tur-

Turrigerum Rhedycina caput licet inſerat aſtris;
Sheldoni licet ampla domus, licet ampla pateret
Ædes Radcliviana, & valvis ſtaret apertis.
Nulla moram fecere; tamen nos noſtraque rura
Et lentas ſalices et aquatica prædia viſit
Pacis amans Deus; et linquentes ardua templa
Vertice demiſſo non erubuere Camenæ
Exiguoſque lares, humileſque ſubire tabernas.
Addet ſe comitem mutare Scientia ſedem
Gaudens, uſque incerta quidem, ſed amabilis hoſpes
Quo ſe cunque ferat. Tibi ſunt, Dea, credita fata,
Tollere ſeu regnorum apices, ſeu ponere mavis.
Cujus ad adventum mediis emerſit arenis
Palmyra, innumeris opibus populiſque ſuperba:
Quò prius haud quaquam veſtigia tuta viator
Poneret, horreſcens rabiem propioris, et ignes
Solis directos, ſabuloſique æquoris iras.
Sin vultum avertis, ſpretæ ſtant Palladis aræ,
Ipſiſque indocti Turcæ dominantur Athenis.
Sic, ubi per Phrygios genialis labitur agros
Unda Lyci, ſabulum fœcundans, mollia multo
Prata colore rubent, et florum prodiga tellus.
Jam quando placidum condit caput, uritur herbæ
Nudus ager, ſteriles nec veſtit gramen arenas.
Obſcurus, longumque evanidus, emicat amnis
Certatim, lambitque novas novus accola ripas.
Mox ubi Mæandro vagus intermiſcuit undam,
Flexibus incertis, variiſque ambagibus errans,
Floriferos campos, et amœnos irrigat hortos.
Ne tamen omnino, quamvis Dea rideat, auræ
Neſcia fallacis, ſævas Academia ſperet
Evitare vices: Surgant licet auſpice tanto;
Tempus erit, cum templa et nondum exſtructa peribunt
Mœnia, cum ſaxi non enarrabile robur
Labetur, mixtuſque jacebit pulvere pulvis.
Tu vero, auſpiciis et cujus munere gaudet
Noſtra, atque auguſtas inter domus emicat ædes,

Jam cape primitias ſurgentis et omina famæ.
Te Phœbus, Phœbique chorus, te grata vetabit
Muſa mori; facies ipſis certamina Muſis.
Dicent, prævalidis ut dura negotia regni
Suſtineas humeris, ſceptrum imperiumque tyranno
Efficiens levius, diſcordia pectora patrum
Blandè ut concilies, ſeu, cum res poſtulet, acer
Cogas, ingentis quatiens Demoſthenis arma.
Sic dicent; nomenque tuum, tua fama vigebit
Uſque recens, fluctu dum cincta Britannia ſtabit
Cœruleo, ſalſaque albeſcent littora ſpuma.
Sed tamen interea conabitur æmula pubes
Quæ poſſunt libare levi munuſcula verſu,
Miſcebitque piis precibus præconia; nobis
Interſis longum, cujuſque in pectore fudit
Cor animumque Deus, det tempora cana Catonis.

Elijah Impey, Coll. Trin. Alumn.

STABAM marmoreas diu columnas
Surgenteſque trabes, ſuperba tantæ
Ornamenta domus ſtupens futuræ;
Nec notum ſatis inclyti quid ingens
Argumentum operis daret — rogabam
Eſſet cujus opus laborque felix.
Cum viſus ſubito mihi roganti
Inſcriptus lapis, indicatque nomen —
PELHAMI lego, Apollinis putavi.

Edvardus Tew, Coll. Regal. Alumn.

SALVE Mecænas! iterum, Dux inclyte, ſalve!
Læta magis, florenſque tuis Academia curis
Te patrem agnoſcit, jam magnum experta patronum.
Accipe, quæ grata reduci munuſcula mente
Dant tibi, parva quidem, ſed non indebita, Muſæ.

Mu-

Muſarumne iterum dignaris viſere ſedes,
Uſque favere adeò intentus, vimque addere doctis?
O! qualis te palma manet, vir maxime! laudi
Qui patriæ aſſiduè invigilans, huic conſulis uni.
Nec tamen hæc animum tibi publica cura fatigat:
Namque indefeſſus ſtudio atque hortatibus inſtas,
Quà privata vocant. Altam tibi provida mentem
Effinxit Natura; at verò maxima velle
Summa dedit Virtus. Muſas defendis, et artes
Auſpicio propiore foves; turbamque togatam
Invitas pretiis, animoſque accendis honore.
Principis haud oblita tuique, Academia ponet
Effigies geminas Pario de marmore, multa
Arte laboratas: hinc ſtabit Georgius; Ille
Conſpicuus ſceptroque, et majeſtate verendus:
Illinc, Tu Regem juxta. Sic ſæpe nepotes,
Qui fueras, quantuſque, legent: meminiſſe juvabit
Te decus et columen patriæ, lumenque ſecundum,
Te ſervatorem legum. Sic Gloria tuta
Stat fundata baſi; nec vero vindice tali
Nomen eget; ſaxo eſt tua fama perennior omni.

Joannes Gilbert, Coll. Emman. Alumnus.

QUID Muſis opus, aut loquente charta
Pelhami decus, inclytumque nomen,
Cui mores animique vera virtus
Jampridem peperere, quicquid eſſet
Laudis magnificæ, viroque dignum?
An viles tibi floſculos olivæ
Internectere, civiciſque myrtis
Optarem? ah! quid habet Camena tanti,
Addi quod poterit tuis coronis?
Nam tu præcipue beatus audis,
Prudens conſilii, nec indiſertus;
Idem maxumus, integerrimuſque.
Innitens humeris tuis fidelem

Aſ-

Aſſumpſit ſibi Georgius Miniſtrum.
Quid majus reſonabit ipſa Fama?
  Atqui cum fueris, Pelhame, tantus,
Quî tandem tibi gratulemur omnis
Exultans Academiæ Juventus,
Noſtras dum aſſidue foves Athenas
Præſens, munificuſque? — ſed Columna
Famæ ſufficit ipſa, quam paraſti
Phœbo tollere, Palladique ſacram.
His ſaxis, taceant licet Poetæ,
Tuos poſteritas legent honores.

Georgius Harris, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

WHILE humbler cares a welcome moment ſteal
  Your fix'd attention from the public weal;
While ev'ry Muſe her juſt libation brings,
Proud of the theme, exulting as ſhe ſings;
Permit, my lord, theſe tributary lays
To weave their ivy with your civic bays;
The radiant glories of a name revere,
To Courts a grace, and to your Country dear.
  How much the grandeur of the riſing race,
How much th' enjoyment of returning peace
Ow'd to thy toils, let happy Albion tell,
How Diſcord languiſh'd, and how Faction fell;
When watchful Care, preventing from afar,
Huſh'd the wild tumults, and the rage of war.
  Thy ſteady ſoul, thro' long experience found
Erect alike, when Fortune ſmil'd or frown'd;
The ſame, thro' all the giddy turns of Fate;
A ſhield to learning, freedom, and the ſtate.
  Is there a youth, whoſe breaſt ambition fires,
Who pants for truth, to nobleſt heights aſpires?
Gives to the vagrant comet ſtated laws?
Aſſigns th' immeaſurable tides their cauſe?
Join'd to thy learned train, his laſting name
Shines ſacred in the regiſters Fame.

It

Is there, who treads Parnaſſus' flow'ry lawn,
A Child, whom Fancy chuſes for her own?
Who culls, from willing Nature's laviſh ſtore,
The ſweets that plume his wing, and make him ſoar,
Who ſooths the Lover with perſwaſive art,
Inſpires the Paſſions, triumphs o'er the heart?
Whether of Virtue's god-like form he ſing,
Or points, at motly Vice, th' envenom'd ſting
With inborn freedom, and a gen'rous rage;
Or ſmooths for ſoft-ey'd Innocence the page:
" You bribe the partial Reader into praiſe,
" And throw a glory round the ſhelter'd lays.
Is there, who ſeeks what lofty Homer thought,
How Pindar flow'd, what Plato's wiſdom taught,
On Cicero how liſtening Senates hung,
And drank the accents pouring from his tongue;
Who drains from mouldring tomes the precious ſtore,
Who warms his breaſt with philoſophic lore?
Pleaſure how pure! he asks no ample ſpoils,
No tinſel honours for his early toils.
When, lo! the golden Palm, th' Olympic grace,
Proclaims him foremoſt in the glorious race.
Pleas'd, to behold her Sons advanc'd ſo high,
(All flouriſhing beneath their Patron's eye)
Fair Science ſpake — " Roll on indulgent days,
" And late, oh late! withdraw theſe genial rays;
" Bid Learning's ornamental Structures riſe,
" Stretch their high roofs, and glitter to the skies;
" Adorn the banks of Granta's winding Stream,
" Proud, as it paſſes, to reflect the gleam:
" Let future Times, with grateful eye, ſurvey
" Each page of Fame, The Muſes Friend, diſplay."

William Longſtaff, Scholar of Magdalen College.

HÆC monimenta Tibi non ficti præbet amoris,
Et celebrat reditum carmine Granta tuum.
Annue; nec teneram mihi dedignare Camenam;
Illa venenatæ neſcia fraudis erit.

O mihi ſi liceat meritas tibi dicere laudes!
Si poterat famam Muſa referre tuam!
Si non culta ſatis, tamen eſt ſincera; negati
Gratiaque ingenii præſtat amica vices.
Non te, magne, meis chartis, Pelhame, ſilerem;
Tempore nec ſinerem talia facta mori.
Quid ſi non captos oſtendis civibus hoſtes?
Nec madidam ſparſo ſanguine tingis humum?
Tu pacis doctas foviſti mitior artes;
Sit viciſſe aliis, ſit potuiſſe tibi.
Nempe tibi dulcem tollit facundia vocem;
Doctaque mellifluos dat tua lingua ſonos.
Sæva cruentatas quærat per funera laurus,
Gloria cui belli pulverulenta placet:
Quid ſi præclara deducis origine ſtirpem?
Quid ſi nobilium ſanguine vena fluit?
Clarius à titulis non fiet nomen; avorum
Nec longo creſcet ſtemmate major honos.
Acta tuam faciunt, operoſaque gloria, famam;
Et radio illuſtrant ſplendidiore genus.
Auſpice te, mentem juvenilem conſcia virtus
Erigit, et veræ Relligionis amor;
Auſpice te, fructu creſcit matura quotannis,
Et doctum jactat Granta beata chorum.
Has ſaltem ſedes nequeat ſuperare vetuſtas;
Mœnia quæque manus condidit, ipſe colas.

Tho. Roberts Coll. Div. Joh. Alumnus.

O Decus noſtrum! meliore Phœbus
Luce ſplendeſcit, tuus ut renidens
Vultus affulſit, genialis inſtar
Veris, amœnùm.
Clarat en! Matrem nova lux ſuperbam,
Dum locas ſcenis ſolidum futuris
Ipſe Fundamen, placidoque præſens
Lumine ſpectas.

Hinc

Hinc et ætates Britonum per omnes
Fama floreſcat celebriſque Georgï;
Falſus intentet licet uſque belli
Funera Gallus.
Hinc jugum collo bene pertinaci
Vanus obtrudat quoties, ſecundo
Marte decuſſum procul arceamus
Soſpite regno.
Sic honos adſit, faveatque genti
Grata libertas; cadat et cadente
Orbe: ſic atris ſuperet procellis
Anglia major;
Qualis eludens hyemis furores
Turris, infligat ſine more nimbos
Vimque veſanam licet; illa mole
Salva ſua ſtat.
Proximas Tu, cui data cura Grantæ,
Occupas ſedes; memorande, Camus
Dum fluit lenis, tacitoque cingit
Agmine muros.
Alma Te Mater prece, Te Juventus
Invocat; Te qui reficis ruentes
Palladis Sedes, monimenta mentis
Ampla benignæ!
Æquus interſis populo togato,
Audiens late PATER ATQUE PRINCEPS
ARTIUM, fidis abeaſque ſemper
Æquus alumnis.

Thomas Lumley, Coll. Jeſ. Alumnus.

ME quoque Pieriis inſuetum vallibus ingens
Matris honos, Grantæque urget venerabile nomen:
Noſtraque in Aonio ſpectabitur orbita curſu.
Felix, O! Pelhame, tuos quicunque labores,
Et pacem Europæ reducem, et mitiſſima legum
Fræna Britannorum mores cohibentia poſſit

Ferre

Ferre per ora virûm, laudeſque æquare canendo.
At nunc, multa licet (noſtris dum maximus oris
Cæſar abeſt, et puppe ſui ſecat æquoris undas)
Cura animum, variis aſſultibus aſpera, turbet;
Tu tamen ad ſylvas, et amicis otia Muſis
Huc adſis, ſedemque tuam; qua grata juventus
Serta tibi læto parat intertexta labore.
Et te Brunſvici teſtantia mœnia curas
Accipiant, docta ſpatiantem leniter umbra:
Qua prope, Cæſareum toties experta favorem
Granta novis jamjam decorabitur ornamentis.
Te ſibi participem tantæ componere laudis
Cæſar avet; poſcitque ſuis in marmore fido
Concordes titulos ſociataque nomina jungi.
Sic et, Brunſvicios totum quacunque per orbem
Fama ferat, penna ſolvi metuente, triumphos,
Tu quoque junctus eas. Ingentibus omnia factis
Sponde digna tuis: neque enim fuga temporis auſit,
Aut populi rabies ſecurum invadere nomen
Pelhami, aut livor meritas contingere lauros.

Guilielmus Barford, A. M. Coll. Regalis Socius.

FINIS.

ORATIO

HABITA IN SENACULO

Academiæ Cantabrigiensis,

CORAM

NOBILISSIMO

THOMA HOLLES

Duce de NEWCASTLE,

POST

JACTA AB EO FUNDAMENTA

BIBLIOTHECÆ REGIÆ

PRID. KALENDAS MAIAS
MDCCLV.

A

JOANNE SKYNNER, A.M. Coll. D. Joann. Soc.

ACADEMIÆ ORATORE.

ORATIO.

NULLA unquam clarior et illuſtrior hac die Academiæ illuxit. In quâ ſi non natæ literæ, at nutritæ; ſi fama non incœpta, at aucta; ſi dignitas non fundata, eſſe tamen in omne ævum ſtabilita videatur. Bene igitur ac ſapienter Vobis proviſum eſt, ut, iis rebus rite peractis, quæ ſplendori utilitatique veſtræ conducunt maxime, nullum tempus remitteretis, quin ad gratulationem vos ipſi illico converteretis: retuliſſe gratias, quam beneficia accepiſſe, honorificentius quoddam ducentes: nec tam quod felicitas veſtra lætitiæ, quam quod gravitas pietatis expetat, conſulentes.

Dum vero Vos pietatis numeros compleatis omnes, metuo ut Oratio ad eos ſe ipſa moduletur. Si non igitur hodiernos gloriæ veſtræ fautores ornare ſatis pro dignitate valeam; meæ ſaltem voluntati faveatis: ſi deſit ingenio honos; at reſpiciatis induſtriam: neque ea benevolentia, quam in aliis celebraturi conveniſtis, in vobis ipſis deeſſe videatur.

Quæ cum ita ſint; ut facilior ad has laudes aditus orationi concedatur; non erit fortaſſe alienum, quas curas ſummi olim Reges Imperatoreſque in bibliothecas contulerunt, ad earum memoriam animos veſtros revocare. Regis enim noſtri laudes ex aliarum contentione melius illuminabimus, qui præſtantiſſima quæque ab omni antiquitate ingenia ſibi imitationi proponens, eâdem ipſe, quâ olim illi, inſiſtit viâ, et ad illuſtrandam nominis amplitudinem, et ad felicitatem reipublicæ augendam ſuæ.

Atque ut ab iis Orientis partibus ordiamur, a quibus doctrinæ fere omnis oborta lux ad has noſtras regiones tandem dimanavit; recordemini mecum quæſo, Auditores, nobilem illam Oſymanduæ Ægyptii[a] bibliothecam: Hæc etenim prima ingeniorum florem explicavit, eamque ſaluberrimam genuit medicinam animæ, quæ ſola affectus comprimit, humanitatem alit, curarumque aculeos omnes reprimit et retundit.

Hujus bibliothecæ ætati prope erat conjunctum Muſeum[b] Alexandrinum, Viri fere ultra humanam ſortem, Ptolemæi opus. Summus erat ille artium literarumque * patronus, et, ſine quibus neque artes neque literæ florere unquam poſſunt, librorum conquiſitor. Studia itaque Alexandriæ inſtituit, literatos undique invitavit, et plurimos cujuſcunque doctrinæ auctores græce fieri curavit, quos inter (ſi vera eſt fama) Septuaginta illi interpretes ſunt recenſendi.

Nec Te,[c] Phalereu, curæ laboriſque tui pæniteat ſuſcepti: Vivit enim adhuc in bibliothecis fama ingenii tui; unuſque aureus libellus tuus pluris eſt, quam trecentæ illæ apud Athenas ſtatuæ. Adeo ſtabilior eſt literarum gloria, quam civitatis illuſtriſſimæ gratulatio.

Omitto[d] Eumenis, omitto ex hac ortam [e]Cleopatræ bibliothecam; prætereo etiam illam [f]Piſiſtrati, non quidem Reipublicæ Athenienſi utilis, Muſis tamen, (ſi ob id ſolum, quod Homeri libros confuſos antea ſic diſpoſuiſſe dicitur, ut nunc habemus) chariſſimi: neque [g]Cnidiæ, [h]Smyrnææ, [i]Marſyæve laudes intra anguſtæ adeo orationis ripas coerceri poſſunt. Venio ad eam ætatem, cum Romæ ſimul in literis atque armis gloria ſplendide adeo

* De hoc elegantiſſime Apthonius in deſcript. arcis Alexandrin. p. 35. παρωκοδομηνται δὲ σηκοί τῶν ϛοῶν ἔνδοθεν, οἱ μὲν ταμῖια γέγενημένοι ταις βίβλοις τοῖς φιλοπονοῦσιν ἀνεῳγμενοι φιλοσοφεῖν, ϗ πόλιν ἅπασαν εἰς ἐξουσίαν της σοφίας ἐπαιρουνλες.

[a] Inſcriptam, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ. Diod. Sic. I. 49.

[b] Seneca de tranquil. animi, c. 9. Ammian. Marcellin. XXII. 17. Cedrenus, XXII.

[c] Cic. de Fin. V. 19. Diog. Laert. V. 5. Strabo, IX. 610. Plin. XXXIV. 6.

[d] Strabo, XIII. 926. Vitruv. VII. init. Plin. XXXV. 2.

[e] Plutarch. in Antonio, p. 125. Edit. Bryan.

[f] Iſidor. Orig. VI. 5. A. Gell. VI. 17.

[g] Montfaucon in recenſione bibliothec. græc. Palæograph. græcæ præmiſſâ, p. 16.

[h] Strabo, XIV. 956.

effulſit.

effulſit. Venio ad [k] Æmilios, [l] Africanos, [m] Sullas, [n] Lucullos. Hi inter præcipua triumphi ornamenta ſuam quiſque bibliothecam retulerunt: tam Literati, quam Imperatores ſalutari cupientes; nec minus ſupplicationem ad Muſarum, quam ad Deorum templa fieri geſtientes. Neque profecto ob eam fuiſſe gloriam illuſtriores videntur, quæ, orta in ipſo belli pulvere et ſole, totam fere Africam, Aſiam, ipſaſque Athenas ſpoliis referta peragravit; quam ob eam, quæ, pacis otiique alumna, ſibi in literis atque ingeniis hominum lauream et tropæa conciliavit.

Adhuc vero fuerant Romanis bibliothecæ tantum privatæ: deerant publicæ. Eam ſibi reſervatam liberalitatem ſuſcepit Pollio Aſinius: [o] Pollio ille omnium horarum vir, et qui [p] "primus, "bibliothecam dicando, ingenia hominum rem publicam feciſſe" memoratur.

Ab omni tamen laude ea ætas felicior, quia ſub ipſis Julio Auguſtoque Cæſaribus auſpicata illuxit. Quorum Ego ætatem eo lubentius commemoro, quod ab ejus ſimilitudine noſtra prope abeſt. Sive enim in utrâque Republicâ perpetua erga literas ſtudia contemplemur; eximia quædam inter Principes convenientia humanitatiſque cognatio eminebit: ſive Palatinæ illius cum hac noſtrâ bibliothecâ fortunam conferamus; eoſdem fere utrique ortus, ſimileſque progreſſus contigiſſe inveniemus.

Cæſar igitur ille Julius M. [q] Varronis curæ mandârat, libros ut colligeret: collegit: majora Julio molienti mors intervenit: literarumque ſpes omnis in Octavio reſedit: adeſt Octavius: [r] Palatinam conficit: [s] Porticibus ornat.

[i] Montfaucon. loc. cit.
[k] Plutarch. in Æmilio, p. 180. Iſidor. Orig. VI. 4.
[l] Varro de re ruſtica, I. 1. Plin. XVIII. 3.
[m] Lucian. adverſus indoctum, Sect. 4. Strabo, XIII. 907.
[n] Plutarch. in Lucullo, 196.
[o] Iſidor. loc. cit.
[p] Plin. XXXV. 11.
[q] Sueton. in Julio, c. 44.
[r] Sueton. in Auguſto, c. 29. Plin. VII. 58.
[s] Dion Caſſ. XLIX. 43. Sueton. Lib. de illuſtr. Grammat. c. 21.

Quid vero noſtri Cæſares? Pater quidem magnam librorum vim regiâ munificentiâ Academiæ impertivit: majora agitat: mors interea illum: ſed non cum illo rapere una potuit ea in literas ſtudia, iſtam benevolentiæ charitatem, cæteraſque virtutes omnes, quæ maxima eſſe ſolent imperii ornamenta. Ad Filium igitur, ſimul cum ſceptro, ampla quædam benevolentiæ hæreditas devenit: ſuſcepit: ſuſceptam implet: ædes nobis adornat.

Ad hoc AUGUSTI noſtri erga paternas Muſas ſtudium celebrandum jam convenimus. Agnoſcimus liberalitatem: pompâ procedimus: jacta fundamenta: acclamatur, "*Feliciſſime*". Quiſque interea gratâ pietate ardeſcere, vota pro Regis ſalute ſuſcipere, Muſas florentes venerari, iiſque, ubicunque colantur, his noſtris ſimiles patronos precari. Omnes denique admirari, gratulari, laudare, unoque læta omnia ore exoptare: Ut ſurgant hæc mœnia in perpetuam GEORGII memoriam, in futuræ liberalitatis exemplum, literarum honorem, ingeniorum incrementum, æternamque in ſtudiis oblectationem!

Quæ vero vox, quæ vires, quæ tandem oratio his tantis rebus ſufficiant? Ubi, Academici, illa ubertas ingenii, illa ſententiarum dignitas, ea vis verborum, is denique ſplendor et quaſi fulmen orationis, quæ penitus in ipſis hominum mentibus horum Principum admirationem infigere valeant; eorumque gloriam diſſeminare in poſteritatis omnis memoriam ſempiternam?

Me vero, non dico timore, ſed deſperatione ipſâ has laudes obeuntem, reficit et conſolatur noſtra communis omnium parens, et alma nutrix, Academia, in hæc fere verba quodammodo tacita erumpens.

" At quas ædes futuras video! quâ præſtantiâ et ſplendore! " Neque equidem tuam tibi, Roma, Palatinam invideo; nec " ſuperbas illas tuas [t] Octavianas porticus. Fuerint tibi Cæſares, " qui (quanquam effuſæ erant in literas benevolentiæ) Patriæ " tamen libertatem ſuæ inhumaniter obruerunt: amicos vindictæ, " cives ſuperbiæ, cognatos ambitioni victimas dedere: omnia

[t] Dion Caſſ. loc. cit. Sueton. de Grammat. loc. cit.

" de-

" denique ſacra et humana proſcriptionibus, miſeriis, cæde, ru-
" inâ miſcuerunt. Sit mihi felicitas eum Regem habere, cujus
" extrema adoleſcentia in armis non ad ambitionem ſed gloriam
" exarſit: cujus maturior ætas victoriis non ad perniciem ſed
" ſalutem patriæ fuit decorata: plena autem jam famæ ſenectus
" bellum nec colit nec veretur. Cui charæ ſunt amicitiæ, charæ
" affinitates, charæ cognationes; Omnium tamen reipublicæ ſalus
" chariſſima. Qui principatum ſuum ſtabilivit non vindictâ, ſed
" lenitate: non imperio, ſed juſtitiâ: non ſuperbiæ offenſioni-
" bus, ſed humanitatis ſuavitate. Quam illibatâ interea erga exter-
" nas Reſpublicas fide et integritate! quam nulla unquam pacis
" fœdera, nulla amicitiæ jura violaverit! Quis igitur non illarum,
" quas jam patitur Majeſtas, injuriarum ſenſum juſtiſſimum per-
" cipiat? Quis non pro illius ſalute ſit anxius, in qua continetur
" ſalus illa omnium? Quis naturâ paulo liberalior, non illius extet
" dignitatis ultor, a quo omnem acceperit dignitatem ſuam?—
" O Nationem illam inquietam! quam haud ab ambitione juſti-
" tia, haud ab armis clades, haud ſacra denique juris Gentium
" reverentia a perfidiâ revocare adhuc potuerunt."

Hactenus Academia: filiis vero ſuis benemeritis (ut Matrem Almam decet) officiis ſe plurimis devinciri fatetur: neque enim ejus celebritas famæ prætereunda eſt, cujus laudes non tam ornare eſſet adulationis, quam ſilere de iis, invidiæ. Lætari igitur jure videtur, eundem, qui tibi, Roma, Mecænatem ſibi etiam contigiſſe; eundem Muſarum patronum, Cæſarique ſuo quam chariſſimum. Qui quidquid eſſe poſſit vel literis honori, vel literatis emolumento; in id ſe omni ſtudio accommodavit.

" O mihi (inquit) ante alios merito dilectiſſime PELHAME!
" In te ſumma erga famæ tuæ altricem, benevolentiæ, virtutis,
" pietatiſque ſigna ineſſe comprobâſti. Suſcepiſſe in Te hoc auguſ-
" tum, quod geris, munus, erat benevolentiæ tuæ: adeo ornâſſe,
" virtutis: mihi meiſque conſuluiſſe, pietatis. De tuâ famâ nullæ
" unquam literæ ſilebunt, ne ulla quidem vetuſtas obmuteſcet:
" ſera enim poſteritas grate in eum uſque reſpiciet virum, cui ſe
" initia et ſemina ipſa gloriæ ſuæ debere agnoſcet. Illi ergo poſte-

" ritati

" ritati veſtræ, illuſtriſſime Princeps, laudes committantur, a quâ
" ſolâ vera illa famæ expectanda eſt amplitudo, ſummæque vir-
" tutis unica remuneratio. Erit, profecto erit, in his ædibus, qua-
" rum Tu præcipuus auctor et ſuaſor fuiſti, famæ tuæ perpetuum
" monimentum. Et cum ſtatuarum, quas grata tibi olim patria
" ſuſcitabit, perierit gratia et venuſtas; ipſaque picturarum
" ubertas ſuccuſque omnis exaruerit; mentis interea imago
" tuæ, in Muſarum templis ipſaſque ad aras conſecrata, nun-
" quam ſeneſcet; ſed perpetuum quaſi juventutis florem con-
" ſervabit."

Convertat vero ſe tandem oratio ad reliqua, atque inſtitutum ordinem ſervet.

Bibliothecam [u]Tiberii,[w] Veſpaſiani, plurimaſque alias memorare, patientiâ ſit veſtrâ omnino abutentis. Vidiſtis, Academici, quantum his curæ Antiquitas erudita omnis impenderit. Vidiſtis etiam (nec, id ne Vobis tœdio fuerit, vereor) inter Reges, Conſules, Imperatores denique, et Principes totius fere orbis venerandum etiam GEORGII nomen eminere. Quantum vero utilitatis Bibliothecæ literis attulerint, nequit eſſe vobis moleſtum recordari. Ex his enim Vobis jucundiſſimæ conſuetudinis fructus cum maximis, qui unquam claruerunt, viris ad ingenia moreſque ſuppeditatur. His annales, hiſtorias, et monimenta recondi, et ſalubritate quâdam ad Vos deduci debetur: His renatas fuiſſe literas, et ſplendori ſuo reſtitutas, quæ diu fuiſſent barbariei prædæ, et quibus pluſquam mille illam annorum noctem ignorantiæ caligo obduxiſſet. Ex his etiam, quaſi ex patriâ terrâ, enata eſt Critice, unde ſcientia fere omnis educta eſt et derivata. Non illam volo Criticen, quæ inter ſummam in literis arrogantiam expers eſt ſcientiæ, expers venuſtatis, expers benevolentiæ; ſed illam, illam inquam, Auditores, veram Muſarum prolem, miniſtram, propugnatricem: quæ ſcribendi regulas ab ipſâ naturâ duxit, quæ cum humanitate ſevera eſt, laudatrix ſine invidiâ, alienæ famæ cuſtos fideliſſima, ſuæ non

[u] A. Gellius, XIII. 19.
[w] A. Gellius, V. 21. & XVI. 8.

neg-

negligens; eximiâ denique integritate, ſummâ modeſtiâ, omnique ingenii fructu florens et abundans.

Satis jam multa verba feciſſe mihi videor de bibliothecis. Jam vero in hoc quaſi flexu orationis, et prope ſe ad metam vergentis, liceat quædam de præſenti Academiæ ſtatu et dignitate breviter, eaque, ut æquum eſt, verecunde dicere.

Ecquando unquam eminebat magis temperantia Juvenum, Senum exempla, virtutiſque omnis decor? quando is literarum cultus, is ingenii honos, ea laudis æmulatio? In ſtudiis denique elegantia, in veſtitu ſimplicitas, in vitis caſtitas, in moribus urbanitas, a nullâ fere unquam memoriâ illuſtriores.

Neque hæc adeo ſuperbe dici exiſtimentur; quaſi nos ſoli literis, ſoli nos virtutibus abundemus; laus etenim non tam nobis ipſis eſt arroganda, quam eximiis iis viris, (quorum Tu, illuſtriſſime Cancellarie, familiam ducis) palma deferenda.

Salvete Vos, immortales Viri! quos literarum amor, communis Parens, ipſaque dulciſſima, ubi innutriti fuiſtis, ſoli recordatio ad ornandam hanc patrocinio Academiam excitavit. Quantum debeamus tuæ illi erga Muſas pietati; teſtis eſt hæc earum quies et dignitas; teſtis veſtra illa multiplex literarum remuneratio; teſtis harum ædium futurus ſplendor; teſtis hæc vox bonorum omnium de veſtris laudibus conſentiens; hæc denique in omnium vultu atque oculis benevolentiæ veſtræ expreſſa lineamenta.

Neque tamen ſilendum eſt prorſus, quantum debeamus eximiæ eorum, qui mihi jam ante oculos verſantur, virorum curæ; quorum ingenia, in adoleſcentibus inſtituendis, in ſtudiis, laboribus, vigiliiſque perpetuis exercentur: qui paternâ quâdam anxietate moribus etiam ſtudent, ut non tantum Muſis ornamenta, ſed Reipublicæ, ſed Eccleſiæ præſidia hinc exoriantur.

Quæ omnia cum ita ſint; mirari equidem ſæpiſſime ſoleo eorum contumaciam, qui adeo peregrinandi ſtudio jam inde a teneris inflammantur, ut a Muſis domeſticis prorſus abhorreant: qui alienæ rei cujuſque publicæ deſiderio ardent, patriæ ignari; literatis ſe admiſcere ſtudent, literarum rudimentis vix quidem

inſtructi; externiſque artibus inhiant, omni antiquitatis elegantiâ plane carentes.

Quid igitur ſibi velint iſti homines? An literas? at hic ſunt. An æmulationem excitari? aſt ubi major, quám domi? An præmia? ſed nulla ſunt apud Exteros, neque, ſi eſſent, profecto mererentur.

At enim nos tædet harum quotidianarum diſciplinarum. at non tædebat elegantiſſimæ olim indolis viros. At nobis haud placent veſtræ illæ Muſæ ſeveriores. at placuere Bacono, Newtono, Bentleio; placuere Lockio, Hookero, Seldeno: quos omnes patria terra eduxit, in domeſticæ virtutis laudem, inque externarum gentium invidiam immortalem. At non valet hæc inſtitutio ad urbanos erudiendos, non ſolitudo illa veſtra ad celebritatem apta, non otium ad negotia, non Academiæ ſylvæ ad Aulæ ſplendorem. at plurimos erudivit, omni ingenii ubertate affluentes, in ipſa luce Reipublicæ charitateque Regis ſummâ cum dignitate verſantes, atque ex his Muſarum fontibus initia gloriæ ſuæ repetentes ultima.

Longe vero abſit, Academici, ut per me conſuetudinis hujus reverentia defloreſcat, quæ adeo omnibus utilitati eſt, Nobili vero cuique præcipue. Peregrinatio quidem mentis rivulos recludit omnes, et commercium quaſi humanitatis alit. Ex alienarum demum Gentium diſciplinis docemur vel noſtras, quidquid iis deſit, emendare, vel in quocunque ſint aliis ſuperiores, magis ideo venerari. Sed prius ſit diſciplinis domeſticis imbuta mens, quam ad alienas aſpiret: nec ſe mari huic adeo periculoſo citius committat, quam gubernare navem valeat prudentia, et quos portus evitet, et ad quos ſe ipſa appellat, probe cognorit. Sit denique quaſi Ulyſſes ille Homericus, modo uberiores ullos peregrinandi fructus ſecum in Patriam referre ſtudeat: ne fractus ſit ad eos Sirenum voluptatiſque ſcopulos, ad quos plurimi olim miſerrime naufragia fecerunt.

Quod vero ad Vos attinet, ingenui Juvenes, quibus hic nutriri contigit, quique has alienis ſedibus prætuliſtis; ſinite vos horter, ut ad ea Vos ſtudia omni (quod facitis) mente conferatis, ad quæ non minus ipſâ naturâ ducimini, quam iis undique pro-

po-

positis induſtriæ præmiis, quæ in optimis ingeniis altiſſimas gloriæ radices agunt. Noſtis de Themiſtocle perhiberi, quod ſomnum illi quietemque ademerunt Miltiadis tropæa. Quo igitur ardore inflammari Vos decet, dum monimenta tanta literis excitari videatis? cum honeſtius ſit artibus, quam armis, decorari, atque ignorantiam vincere, quam gentes debellare. In his igitur literarum ſtudiis vigilate, incumbite, perſeverate: Vobiſcum HÆC "peregrinentur, ruſticentur." Ex his etenim haurire optimæ præcepta vitæ poſſitis; ex his REGIS beneficia quodammodo remunerare; ex his Academiæ, Patriæ, Vobiſque ipſis, eſſe ornamento.

FINIS.

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